

# The Gallaudet Guide,

## AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal, --- Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1860.

NO. 2

### The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

#### DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION,

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH BY  
"THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION  
OF DEAF MUTES."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in

particular, but designed to contribute to the in-  
formation of all.

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sertion in the paper should be sent to William  
Martin Chamberlain, South Reading, Mass.

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### The Deaf and Dumb and

#### Blind.

Blind to the bright blue sky, the glorious sun,

The mild pale moon, the vesper star's sweet

blaze;

Blind to the soft green fields where brooklets

run,

The hills where linger sunset's parting rays.

Blind to the bright eye's most expressive beam,

The cheek's rich dyes of beauty, and the form

Whose symmetry might gild the sculptor's

dream

Of young Apollo, and his fancy warm,

Deaf when the wind harp pours its saintly

notes

On midnight breezes; when the organ's strain,

Through "long drawn aisles" all rich and

melow floats,

Till angels' wings seem rustling in the fane.

Deaf when the shrill horn wakes the slumber-

ing vale,

And hills and rocks re-echo to the cry:

Deaf when the storm spirits ride the shriek-

ing gale,

And "thunder drums" beat 'larums thro' the

sky.

Dumb when the voice of singing birds is heard;

Dumb when each brook is warbling in its way;

Dumb when the lowing of the home-bound

herd

Breaks sweetly on the ear at close of day.

Dumb when the bell the Sabbath st lness

breaks;

Dumb when the spoken prayer to Heaven as-

cends;

Dumb when the hymn of praise in beauty

wakes

The raptured spirit, and its magic lends.

But who can tell what visions pure and bright,

Ye blind dawn on your intellectual eye?

What God-light gleams across your mental

sight,

Or rainbows span your own exclusive sky?

Or what blest sounds, ye deaf, their tones may

breathe

As sweet mysterious voices through your ear;

Or winding shells wild music strangely

wreath,

Whose soft, sad numbers ye alone can hear?

Or what rich language from the Spirits

voice,

May o your spirit murmur words unknown

To us, or how your souls all glad, re oice,

When to our sight ye're musing all alone?

One thing, there comes a glorious day for ye,

When ye shall hear the last loud trumpet's

sound,

When your glad eyes your Savior's face shall

see,

And your first songs of praise shall burst around.

Rev. J. C. McCABE.

### A Few Words about the Deaf

#### and Dumb.

Between a well educated deaf-mute

and another of the same age who has

never been under instruction, there is as

wide a contrast as can well be imagined.

Before going through a course of instruc-

tion and discipline, the deaf and dumb

are guided almost wholly by instinct and

their animal passions. They have no

more opportunity of cultivating the in-

tellect and reasoning faculties than the

savages of Patagonia, or the North

American Indians. Nay, not so much.

These savages may be considered more

advanced in an intellectual point of view,

than the uneducated mute. The Indian

has some idea of a Supreme being; the

mute, none. The savage hears the many

voices of Nature—the song of the birds

—the sighing of the winds through the

trees—the murmur of the waters—the

voice of the storm. To the mute all is

dead silence; and his facilities for com-

municating with others the most limited

to be imagined. Which, then, has the

most advantage, the savage, with his

harsh but copious dialect, his erroneous

but strong ideas of a Deity, or the mute

in the midst of civilized society, but sur-

rounded by a blank silence, with no

means of communicating or receiving ab-

stract ideas, with a language barely suf-

ficient for the common wants of nature,

and with no idea of God? This is no fan-

ciful picture of my own painting, it is stern

reality. And oh! if praise is due to

those who go to shed upon the benighted

mind of the heathen the blessed gospel

light, how much is not due to those who

spend their lives in efforts to reach the

immortal mind when its two greatest

portals are closed to this outward world

forever! Think of it, friends! A hu-

man being, born, perhaps, with the no-

blest intellectual endowments; with a

mind, which, if allowed the same facili-

ties in common with others, might be-

come one of the master spirits of the age;

but alas! the ear is closed to all outward

sound, the lips are sealed in silence ne-

ver to be broken on earth. All honor,

then, to those who undertake to open

communication with the "silent one,"

thus cut off from all communication with

his fellows.

It is one of the most interesting sights

in the world to watch a mute, whose

mind is just beginning to come out of its

dormant state, after he has mastered the

first rudiments of instruction, and is be-

ginning to comprehend what is taught

him. The countenance before so inani-

mate and vacant, becomes bright and in-

tellectual. His movements are quick and

nervous. His eye, sparkling with awa-

kened thought is ever turning to some

new object of which he would seek in-

formation. It seems as though he cannot

learn fast enough. Life wears a new aspect

to him, it is all rose-hued; and the joy of

being able to communicate with others,

and to be understood and sympathized

with by them, is almost too great for

him. Every glance, every movement

shows that the mind within has at least

been aroused, and is seeking to free it-

self from the fetters which have so long

enthralled it. From the moment that

the mute begins to think, we date a new

era in his mental existence.

Signs are the natural language of the

mute. Writin may be used in his in-

tercourse with others, but when convers-

ing with those who are, like himself, de-

prived of hearing and speech, you will

always find that he prefers signs to ev-

ery other mode of intercourse; and every

other established means of communica-

ting his thoughts, no matter what facili-

ty he may have acquired in it, is no

more nor less than what a foreign lan-

guage is to those who hear and speak.

It may be never so well learned, but

still it is foreign. And this, I believe, is

just as it should be. Pantomime is the

language Nature has provided for the

mute, and he should never be discour-

aged in making signs. Teach him to

articulate if you can, make him a good

writer if you will, but you will find, if

he has his own choice signs will always

be the medium of his intercourse with

others. It is right. Do you not all

love your mother tongue? Then why

should not the mute prefer his own lan-

guage to any other? The language of

signs is not, as some may imagine, a

confused jargon. Signs, when used by

one well versed in them, can be made

to convey the most subtle and abstract

ideas. They are a language built up

like any other; and those who would

acquire it perfectly and thoroughly must

make it a life-study. Yet it is not to

be denied, that as a means of intercourse

with the world, it fails utterly; but we

use his own language to convey to the

mute the knowledge of that which is for-

eign, and signs are the chief means of

instructing him in written language.

There are but few instances of the deaf

and dumb having attained literary

eminence. It must be partly because

the mind, in most cases, does not rise

above the common level; and partly be-

cause the language of signs, from its pe-

culiar structure, disqualifies them for ex-

pressing their thoughts in written lan-

guage. How could we expect an En-

glish poet to excel in writing French

rhymes? And thus a mute may be ne-

ver so eloquent when expressing his

thoughts in pantomime, but be utterly

powerless to reproduce the same on pa-

per. Massieu and Clerc are brilliant in-

stances of what perseverance may ac-

complish. But does any one doubt

that if these men had been blessed with

hearing and speech, their acquirements

would have been much more extensive

and varied? Dr. Kitto and Charlotte

Elizabeth are noble examples of the tri-

umph of intellect over all obstacles. And

here the light of genius burned brightly,

in spite of disadvantages. But each of

them became deaf after they had acquir-

ed speech, and distinct ideas of language.

Semi-mutes have an immense advantage

over those who are born deaf. A child

endowed with hearing learns incidentally

and without effort, things which it re-

quires years of patient toil to teach the

mute.

But yet, do not think that our lot is

all dark; that because the many glad

sounds of earth fall not upon our ears,

and no words of affection and endear-

ment pass our lips, all sources of happi-

ness are closed to us. Oh! no, no. Our

God is a tender and merciful Father,

and well has he provided for his "silent

ones." We can read upon your faces

the emotions of your minds as if they

were written in a book. All the world

of nature is open to our eager gaze;

and the eye almost supplies the deficien-

cies of the ear. Our life has much of

sunshine; and our Father, in His all

seeing wisdom, has blessed the greater

part of us with buoyant spirits and quick

sympathies. We are much more in-

clined to enjoy the present moment, than

to repine for the past or doubt the fu-

ture. And if sometimes a deep yearn-

ing for those blessings which we see you

enjoying, but which are denied to us,

dims for a moment the mirthful light of

our eyes, it is soon swept away by the

dear remembrance of our Father's prom-

ise, for we know "He doeth all things

well." And when we reach our heav-

enly home, the deaf ear will be unsealed,

and the mute voice gush out in glorious

melody, to be hushed no more through

all eternity. And this sweet hope, this

deaf assurance, gives me strength to say,

with head bowed in meek submission,

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good

in thy sight!"—Miss Redden in *Am. An-*

*nals*.

### Maxims.

1. Keep good company or none.

2. Never be idle.

3. If your hands cannot be usefully

employed, attend to the cultivation of

your mind.

4. Always speak the truth.

5. Make few promises.

6. Live up to your engagements.

7. Keep your

# THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1860.

We send this second number of our paper abroad with increased confidence. We have received words of encouragement from those whose opinion and advice we value; from those whose influence we wish to secure in our favor; and above all, those encouraging words have been in most cases accompanied by more or less material aid in the shape of subscriptions. One copy of the January number of the "Guide" was sent to every past and present member of the N. E. G. Association of deaf mutes; we also sent copies to many others, deaf mutes and their friends, with the design of informing them that the long talked of enterprise had been undertaken, leaving it to them to aid us or not, as they should see fit. As far as our information extends, we shall strive to make the "Guide" a gazette of any and everything which either happens or is proposed, in which deaf mutes and their friends may be supposed to feel an interest. If left to ourself or thrown on our own resources, many such things will remain unknown to us, and many subjects about which a profitable and instructive correspondence might be carried on, will remain undiscussed. We hereby extend a general invitation to all who feel an interest in our enterprise to send us any written or printed communications on any such subjects. If suitable, we will insert them, and if not we will give our reasons for refusal.

We know of nothing in which the deaf mutes of Massachusetts are at present more interested than in the establishment of a school for the deaf and dumb in the State. Some few years ago it began to be talked of among the leading deaf mutes of Boston and vicinity; they did not at the time think that such a school was necessary, but they foresaw that it would be so in a few years.

Last year, and, if we mistake not, the year before, the Legislature of this State was petitioned on the matter. Last year the measure was defeated in the popular branch by a vote of 51 to 70. At the present session, as we have elsewhere remarked, the first petition presented to that body was one that suitable provision be made, within the Commonwealth, for the instruction of deaf mute children. No action has as yet been taken in the matter, but the probability is very strong that something will be done.

It may be asked, is such an Institution necessary for the good of the deaf and dumb of Massachusetts? cannot they be educated at Hartford? We assert that it is now a necessity. The number of deaf mutes has greatly increased for some years back, and such an institution is therefore required. Massachusetts has at least four hundred and fifty deaf mutes within her borders; of these a part have been educated, but of the number which ought to be at school, those at Hartford (between eighty and ninety) are but a small proportion. While we recognize the widely extended usefulness of the Hartford Asylum, in many respects, and have no wish to say anything calculated to injure its interests, yet, on good authority, we state that although that institution is capable of containing more pupils than it now has, there are as many, and probably more, now within its walls than the Instructors and Officers can do justice to.

If there were a school for them in their own State, more would be under instruction at one time.

Massachusetts annually appropriates about nine thousand dollars for the education of her deaf and dumb children; this does not, in our opinion, meet the demand. We do not deny that the

establishment of such a school would cost the State much more than it does to support them at Hartford, but we say that it would be vastly more creditable to Massachusetts; her children would be better educated, a larger number would be benefitted by it, and it would not cost her one tenth as much as it does to support the army of foreign paupers at Tewksbury and elsewhere, who have far less claim on her bounty than have her own deaf and dumb children. In speaking of the cost to the State of supporting paupers, P. W. Chandler, Esq. says that if the establishments now occupied by them were sold, and the money put at interest, it would suffice to board every pauper at the Tremont House.

Much more might be said on this matter, but, having stated it, we leave it for our correspondents to pursue, if they think best. We should be glad to hear from both sides; we are aware that strong arguments have been, and will be urged against the project; we know that it, like everything else, has its advantages and disadvantages, its friends and its enemies, and having done our duty as a journalist by letting those interested know what is being done, and having, perhaps exceeded it in giving expression to our opinions, we herewith leave the subject to their consideration.

## Legislative.

The first petition presented to the Legislature of Massachusetts at its present session, was one "that suitable provision be made within the Commonwealth for the instruction of deaf-mute children."

The petition contained upwards of four thousand names, classified as follows, viz:—

Senator Wilson and 93 others of Natick.

Amos Smith, Jr., and 236 others of Boston. (This petition represents many millions of taxable property.)

T. N. Stone and 102 others of Wellfleet.

Emery Howard and 45 others of Sutton.

Abraham S. Parker and 49 others of Roxbury.

David White and 20 others of Worcester.

Cyrus L. Knight and 260 others of W. Boylston.

Gen. H. K. Oliver and 259 others of Lawrence.

Richard A. Cook and 202 others of Provincetown.

James H. Whittlesey and 132 others of Lowell.

A. H. Pettingill and 343 others of Newburyport.

Francis Jones and 100 others of Acton.

Abijah Ellis, S. Bradford Morse, Jr., Wm. T. Fernald, and 638 others of Boston.

Appleton Howe and 431 others of Weymouth.

Nathaniel Silsbee and 920 others of Salem.

J. C. Dodge and 179 others of Danvers.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow me to say a few words upon the present interesting subject to deaf-mutes, viz: the establishment of a school for deaf-mutes within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. If one is needed, let us, mutes, go about it in a fair, manly and honorable way. Let us have no insinuations; no side or back thrusts at our 'Alma Mater,' for by having these we shall only injure ourselves—whatever may be the faults of the Hartford Asylum, let us not endeavor to show them up; that is not the way to recommend the enterprise to honorable and sensible men. There are enough reasons why we ought to have a school in Massachusetts which may be rendered without saying anything to injure the interests of the American Asy-

lum. It certainly ill becomes us, who have been educated at Hartford, to have anything to say against it. If we should succeed in inducing the Legislature of Mass. to establish such a school as we want, we should still feel rather uncomfortable if we had reason to suppose that the school aforesaid was founded on the faults and imperfections of the institution at Hartford. It would detract from the brotherly feelings which ought to exist between such institutions. Let us conduct this matter so as to secure respect, and if we fail we shall at least have no occasion to feel that we have done injustice to any one. Let us be charitable to others as we ourselves hope for

JUSTICE.

140 LEXINGTON STREET,  
EAST BOSTON, Jan. 17, 1860.

MR. EDITOR,—Reports have been circulated, indeed, it has been charged upon me, year after year, as each fresh attempt has been made to induce our Legislature to establish, within the borders of Massachusetts, a school for the deaf and dumb, that I, doubtless because I have been one of the leaders in the movement, had an eye, in other words, was aspiring to some high post in the Institution so sought to be established. It were idle in me to notice these reports and charges; all who know me best are aware that they have no foundation in truth, but still as they have spread far and near, and as some of my friends at a distance have made enquiries as to their truth, I take this occasion, thro' your columns, of denying them all in toto. So long as I can do better in my present profession, I will never accept a position in any school for the Deaf and Dumb. That such a school is urgently called for, and even demanded in Massachusetts, I have long been thoroughly convinced, and my efforts of late years, in behalf of the measure, have been such as now I need ever regret or be ashamed of.

It will be vastly more creditable to the Commonwealth if she establish a school of her own, even at greater cost, than to continue the present economical arrangement with Hartford.

With a corps of thorough and energetic instructors, and the improved quality of the education she will give her children, and with the careful, strict family oversight she will maintain, she will, taking all things into consideration, be educating them cheaper at home.

Yours truly,  
AMOS SMITH, JR.

We have received the "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb" for October 1859. Its contents are of much interest. The article relate principally to the deaf and dumb.

It is a quarterly periodical of 64 pages, edited by Samuel Porter, Esq., of Hartford, Conn. The subscription price is one dollar a year.

We are under great obligations to the editor of the "Annals" for a very flattering notice of our Guide and our enterprise.

"The Mute and the Blind," a semi-monthly paper edited by P. H. Skinner, at Niagara City, N. Y., comes to us regularly. It is devoted to the cause of the colored deaf, dumb and blind. It is a readable sheet. The price is one dollar a year.

PERSONAL.—Chas. Barrett, Esq., the Treasurer of our Association, is still quite ill, and Geo. Homer, Esq., of No. 5 Wall St., Boston, has been deputed to attend to his duties until such time as Mr. B. shall be able to resume them.

Wm. K. Chandler has been authorized by us to act as general agent for the 'Guide' and has entered upon his duties.

Those who receive the "Guide" will confer a favor by passing it to their friends and neighbors for inspection.

## St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, in New York City.

This Church was started on the first Sunday of October, 1852, with the great design of gathering together, in parish relations, adult deaf-mutes, their families and others who should be willing to promote their welfare. The small grain of mustard seed was planted in an upper room, by a small band of the faithful, hoping that they had commenced an effort for the glory of God and the good of mankind, yet not knowing what the future would bring forth. Since this feeble beginning, steady growth has characterized the progress of the parish. The Rector has received upwards of fifty deaf-mutes to the Communion. He has baptized twenty adult deaf-mutes, twenty-five children of deaf-mute parents and one deaf-mute child of hearing parents. He has married fourteen deaf-mute couples. He has performed the burial service of nine deaf-mutes, and four children of deaf-mute parents. Thirty-five deaf-mutes have been confirmed in the parish. Others of the deaf-mute communicants were confirmed in other churches. Besides all this, much parochial work has been done among the family connections of deaf-mutes and others drawn into the parish simply by the interest which they felt for the peculiar people, whose temporal and spiritual welfare is aimed at. In order to accommodate the wants of both the classes of persons who constitute the parish, the Sunday services are conducted orally, as in other churches, morning and evening, and by signs in the afternoon. The deaf-mutes are frequently present at the oral services, deriving much pleasure and profit from reading their prayer-books and bibles, thus showing one great advantage of a printed liturgy. A simple sign, here and there, from the Rector, serves to direct their attention to different parts of the service. Whenever there is a sermon from another clergyman, the Rector interprets it by signs for the deaf-mutes who are present. The plan of having in one parish deaf-mutes and their friends, was adopted, that it might become self-sustaining, which it could have done in no other way. Its progress to the present time has shown the wisdom of this arrangement. St. Ann's Church ministers to nearly one hundred and fifty deaf-mute young men and women, in the city of New York and its vicinity. With an assistant minister, it might, in these days of rapid travelling, exercise an elevating influence upon a much larger number.

The present hearing position of the parish was reached under many drawbacks and disadvantages, the chief of which was holding its services in a hired room. The difficulty exists no longer, for they purchased the Church in Eighteenth street, near the Fifth Avenue, and commenced services there on the first Sunday of August, 1859. This was formerly Christ Church, but, for the last year, had been occupied by a Baptist Society. They took this course in obedience to a wide-spread desire among Episcopalians, to see this edifice once more occupied by an Episcopal Parish.

They took this course, believing that thereby the best interests of the adult deaf-mutes of their city and country would be greatly promoted. They took this course, believing that Providence had made it their duty to do so, and that in it they should be sustained by their brethren throughout the Church. There is the only Church in Christendom which has for its special mission the religious care of adult deaf-mutes. The Institutions have done a noble work for deaf-mute children, and youth; but they cannot long have them under their fostering keeping. As they come out to take their parts in the business of life, St. Ann's Church stands ready, with all its divinely appointed means of grace, to lead them along the Christian life towards

those eternal mansions where they shall experience no more physical infirmity, where the deaf shall hear and the dumb speak.

To free from all indebtedness the Church and Parsonage, and the four lots upon which they stand, they need the sum of \$50,000. In the name of the compassionate Being who, while upon earth, spoke the gracious word, Ephphatha, to the deaf man of Decapolis, they ask for the means to pay off the indebtedness which they have assumed, that thus they may be placed in a position to work to the best advantage in promoting the highest interests of those who have been so graphically described by one of their own number, as the 'children of silence.'

N. B. Remittances may be made to Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, care of Mr. S. R. Comstock, Cashier of the Citizens' Bank, N. Y. City.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.—The Managers held a meeting in their rooms on Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th. After hearing reports from the Treasurer and Secretary, and transacting some other business, Mr. Homer offered a resolution complimentary to the presiding officer of the Union for the very satisfactory manner in which he had discharged the duties during the year.

The resolution was adopted and the President of the Union, A. Smith, Jr., responded as follows:—

I need not say that I thank you most sincerely for the flattering testimonial of your appreciation and regard for me as your presiding officer during the term of service just closed, as exhibited in the resolution adopted by you. Though the youngest but one of your number, I have, by your kindness and indulgence, been honored with a position far beyond my deserts; a position which did not rightfully belong to me. Your ready co-operation on all occasions has made my duties comparatively light. Your discussions have been characterized by moderation and by unusual harmony. And what is so remarkable is that no instance of appeal from my decisions has taken place. None of which decisions I am sure, were given without mature deliberation. For all these seeming merits of my own, I am under obligations to you. The success of our Society has been far beyond our expectations. Let us, therefore, congratulate one another upon the spirit which inspired the undertaking, and upon the happy auspices under which it now progresses. Again thanking you for the undeserved compliment, I bid you farewell.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

## Good Temper and Good Cooking.

It is astonishing how much the cheerfulness of a wife contributes to the happiness of home. We remember hearing a husband say that he could gauge the temper of his wife by the quality of the cooking; good temper even influenced the seasoning of her soups, and the lightness and delicacy of her pastry. When ill temper pervades, the pepper is dashed in as a cloud, perchance the top of her pepper box is included, as a kind of diminutive thunder-bolt; the salt is all in lumps, and the spices seem to have betaken themselves all to one spot in the puddings, as if dreading the frowning face above them. If there be a husband who could abuse the smiles of a really good tempered wife, we should like to look at him! Among the elements of domestic happiness, the amiability of the wife and mother is of the utmost importance. It is one of the securities for the happiness of home!

ONE OF THE GUIDE READERS.  
Hillsborough Co., N. H.



TO CORRESPONDENTS—In answer to repeated enquiries, we would say that, for all sums less than one dollar, postage stamps are the same as money to us. Three cent and one cent stamps are the best.

"EDWIN"—In our next.

The following letter was received by us in December, and formed a part of the copy sent by us to the office for insertion in our first number; by some mistake it was left out and we therefore give it here.—Ed.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

### Letter from New Hampshire.

MR. EDITOR.—I sit down thinking to write something for insertion in your proposed periodical, hoping, in sober earnest, that others interested in it may cheerfully strive to furnish you with future news or thoughts relating to the deaf and dumb.

I write with a desire for its success, believing that it will, if well conducted, benefit the mute community, and interest the hearing in our behalf.

To aid in exciting an interest in your paper, you have issued only your prospectus, you might have done more, but those who have, and may in future, rest in their mite with us, I need not say that all thanks are due—and I have no doubt that the conductors of the Journal will, as circumstances admit, endeavor to give them a worthy return.

Our annual Thanksgiving Day came due time, and has gone. We had an old time honored festival and a joyous one, to which we were sorry to say farewell that day. Our Executive thought proper to set apart a day for general thanksgiving for what we had received and enjoyed the past year, and there seems to be little doubt that an annual Thanksgiving Day serves to aid in thankfulness and to admonish us to gratefully remember and reflect on Divine goodness.

It is a matter of feeling to think of the many poor people who were deprived of the enjoyment of such a joyous and bounteous festival, and it is good for us, who are in comfortable circumstances, to show our gratitude to Providence, by doing all we can for such persons, to enable them to enjoy themselves on such occasions. I think that the custom of appointing a day of Thanksgiving dates from the settlement of Plymouth by the Pilgrim Fathers.

I certainly know that they did set apart a day for Thanksgiving and Prayer, under a grateful sense of Divine deliverance from the hardships and dangers of sea voyage, besides having a desire to cherish a constant feeling of remembrance of their remarkable preservation.

One of the newspaper correspondents tells us that, in the city of Boston, 21,000,000 pounds of turkeys, 10,000,000 pounds of plum pudding, and 75,000 bushels of cranberries were consumed on that joyous day. Two million of turkeys—prodigious!! Admitting it to be true, what an immense number of turkeys, to say nothing of the other things, must have been consumed in New England?

Suppose the number of turkeys to be 1,000,000, (not a high figure) why! their collected feathers would stuff a mattress large enough to put all New Hampshire to bed, and their "wish bones," it strongly united, might make an admirable foot-bridge across the Connecticut or Merrimack river. People seem to think a turkey the most suitable thing for a Thanksgiving dinner. It is the most common in this part of the country.

It is well for us to observe the time honored custom of our Forefathers and set apart a day, annually, for grateful praise to our merciful God for his manifold blessings.

AN EARLY AM. ASYLUM PUPIL.

### INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

New York, January 13. 1860.

Editor of the Deaf-Mute's Companion:

Thinking any anecdotes or sketches of the "children of silence" may be a valuable contribution to the Companion, I subjoin some interesting particulars of the Ingersoll family, collected from S. G. Goodrich's Recollections. I do not remember to have seen any other account of them, and as the family was highly respectable, and one of the deaf-mute brothers lived, and was married prior to the commencement of hostilities between the colonies and the mother country, I am rather surprised that no notice of them has ever found its way to the Companion.

Joseph and Moss, both deaf and dumb, were two of the three sons of the late Rev. Jonathan Ingersoll, the distinguished minister of the First Congregational Church in Ridgeford, Conn., and chaplain of the colonial troops stationed on Lake Champlain.

The former was born August 11, 1753, and the latter, June 9, 1763; the other son was the late Jonathan Ingersoll of New Haven, distinguished by his legal talents, and many virtues; he became Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

The two deaf-mute brothers lived in the family mansion at Ridgeford. Joseph was a plain, dull-looking man, seldom smiling, and apparently took but little interest in what was around him. Though naturally quick minded and able to give expression to a few ideas by his silent signs, he seemed to avoid conversation with the world, and even with his friends and neighbors. He and his brother Moss attended to the farm. He arose daily at the same hour; took his meals, and went to bed with the precision of a chronometer. He devoted the morning to steady labors in the field; and when this was done, he returned at a particular time in the afternoon. Passing successively through the seasons, he always performed the regular labors due to each.

On the other hand, Moss Ingersoll did not resemble his brother Joseph. The latter was a bachelor in his life, but the former was married to Miss Smith, and had a family of several children. His disposition was cheerful, his perceptions of mind quick, and his personal appearance pleasing. The modern art of teaching the deaf-mutes did not exist in America in his life; but his father had taken much pains in instructing him as far as he was able. Moss, by means of signs, was able to converse to some narrow extent with his wife and children and neighbors. Mr. Goodrich, the author, said that he learned to talk with him a little, and that when they met, he always had something interesting to say. His signs were natural and suggestive, and displayed a turn for humorous associations. Deacon Olmstead was the "Big Cane," my father the "Bald Pate," General King the "Long Sword," and so on. He was able to write so as to keep accounts but not to read, and of course his ideas were limited. Beyond doubt, he comprehended, faintly at least, the ideas of a God and human accountability, and it is supposed that he conceived the existence of the Holy Trinity. He had some knowledge of the science of astronomy and of the heavenly bodies. Knowing so much, how must he have longed to know more, and I cannot forbear from mournful reflections as I peruse the history of these deaf-mute brothers. Could they have enjoyed the privileges of education which we of the present generation enjoy, how highly might they have been appreciated, how different might have been their lot.

The brothers have long since passed from earth, their bodies resting in the grave, but their glorified spirits, we would hope and believe, inhabiting that world "where the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb sing."

KILBORN.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

### J. R. B.'s Enquiry.

Mr. Editor:

For one, it will give me pleasure to gratify the curiosity of your learned correspondent, J. R. B., who enquires if my own hearing children take most naturally to speech or to signs. Assuredly his observations on the points set forth in his enquiry are perfectly correct,—even so correct as to render such an enquiry hardly necessary. But it may tend to uncover to our own view curious facts relative to the natural mental inclinations of deaf parents' hearing children.

As you, Mr. Editor, know, I am deaf as a post and dumb as an oyster; and Madame Palette is equally deaf and dumb: we have had six children born to us. They all, having not inherited our misfortune, have remarkably bright minds and delicate ears for music.

Being myself a close observer and student of the human mind, I have been, and am still, watching the steady progress of their minds in knowledge. During their infancy—several months before they commenced to use signs—they instinctively began to lisp pa, pa, and in a very short time after, ma, ma. When they were a little over one year of age, they, while looking at either of us, would point their tiny forefingers to objects in sight. At the age of two years they ceased to call us pa and ma—a thing I cannot account for, seeing that they were too young to comprehend the peculiar nature of our misfortune,—and made, gradually, one after another, several natural signs. It certainly appears that if we had not had hearing members in our family, all our children would have been dumb until they went to school. Coming constantly in contact with their grandmother and aunts (hearing persons) they acquired much more words from them than signs from us. Thereupon they took most naturally to speech.

Since their relatives left our house, our youngest children, in particular our bright boy aged only four years, are learning their Irish nurse's "rich brogue"—much to the consternation of M<sup>rs</sup> Palette. On this score I don't feel uneasy, for their Irish dialect will wear off in the course of their school pursuits.

I have seen little hearing children of mute parents, who used signs with tolerable rapidity, and spoke almost nothing—they having, it will be perceived, no hearing persons living in their midst, from whom they can acquire a knowledge of spoken language.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

New-York, Jan. 14, 1860.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

### Remarks on Newspapers.

MR. EDITOR,—Here am I, in the distant South, alone, sitting in my study,—and full tilt, has come upon me, like some hilarious friend, the "Gallaudet Guide." I am already taking many a gazette, one a tri-weekly, of ample dimensions and close print,—and unless I rapidly read, and throw them by, I can find no chance to read books. Indeed, for months, what with the papers and periodicals on hand, and what with indispensable outdoor engagements and labors in field, I have been obliged to lay aside works, the perusal of which I had commenced. Hickok's Psychology is thus deferred to another day. I shall take the Guide, because it is a duty I owe to my Tribe. But I think of suspending the receipt of some others on my list, to enable me to find time to read books studiously.

This, emphatically, is the AGE OF NEWSPAPERS! Many an able man reads nothing but the papers, periodicals, and reviews. Inasmuch as these are rather surface skimmings, than, like a book, deep and finished, it is apprehended that the intellects of the present and coming generations will be inferior in solidity and depth of penetration, to those men of the age of Johnson or of Addi-

son, when books, and not so much papers, engaged time.

They come in companies, battalions, regiments, brigades and divisions, and seek to lie on our tables. They swarm like bees! We cannot enumerate. They crowd books out of the way,—books now so little thought of as to be bound in muslin! and evanescent,—that whilome were cased in preservative leather.

It is in our free country that newspapers fill the air, and every printer's boy, when he begins to blush at the loveliness of woman, betakes himself to having a paper—and what is more astonishing, attempts himself to play the editor, as if penmen were, like mushrooms, born by the hour glass! But these generally incompetent upstarts, soon find that they cannot make their paper live,—for they take that element, the capacity of a thorough-bred intellect, which only can excite and retain the interest of the reader. How many, therefore, are short lived? Still they breed, increase, and thrust themselves into our way,—and as days are short and years few, what else can we read? Have we time enough to learn all books, all sciences—to have literature at our finger's ends? I trow not: for what says the poet of the cemetery:

"If man were born coeval with the sun,  
The patriotic pupil will be learning still,  
And dying, leave his lesson half unlearn't."

Indeed, how fleeting—how transitory is this life? How insufficient for adequate perfection in any solitary science? How much less, when with versatile profundity, one would learn all things! Our term of existence in this shell of the body is too limited to do more than learn one or two things, with a sort of proficiency, and to smatter in all others. Lucky enough for the fame of a savant if any of us can smatter in a dozen, or two or three dozens.

Too many papers and periodicals, for this reason, never will do! Printers ought rather to take a pride in perfecting themselves as typographers, instead of aspiring to play editors or proprietors. The Gallaudet Guide is not obnoxious to this charge: for it is alone: is a necessity—and owned by a class excluded without rest from many an office which it can fill by its members, from incredulity as to the ability of the mute man.

Party politics, too, sustain their several "organs," but they employ often the ablest minds of a locality. Religions, too, have the same property. So do the scientific and literary. But we sigh in vain for something like the Spectator of Addison and the Rambler of Johnson.

Men of genius each shine in a particular field of Science and Literature. To chemistry Sir Humphrey Davy gave up his powers; to Botany and kindred sciences, a Sinneus; to Metaphysics, Locke, and to Mathematics, Newton. With his limited, and therefore humbled capacity, all man can do is to pursue, exclusively, a single study, if he would demonstrate genius.

A Webster, a Calhoun, a Clay show, alone, as Statesmen.

Lord Bacon, (Baron Verulam,) was the Philosopher, and in his sphere was the luminary. He threw no lustre on the affairs of the State, or the office of Chancellorship.

I must conclude. "Set me down," Mr. Editor, as a life-long subscriber to the "Gallaudet Guide and Deaf-Mute's Companion."

J. J. FLOURENOY.

Near Athens, Geo., Jan. 1860.

For the Guide.

### Vagrancy Among Deaf-Mutes.

MR. EDITOR:—In the "American Annals" of the Deaf and Dumb, Vol. IX, page 86 et seq is a communication dated March 29, 1859, from Mr. H. M. Chamberlayne on "Vagrancy among Deaf Mutes." As a literary production, indeed this article would do credit to one having greater facilities for the acquisition of an education.

In the report of the Proceedings of the Fifth Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb, held at Jacksonville, Aug. 1858, page 351, are a series of resolutions on the same subject offered by Dr. Peet. How the subject could have been introduced by a man like Dr. Peet or adopted by a Convention of men pretending to great intelligence—men claiming, moreover, to be the friends of the mute, surpasses understanding, especially when the fact is notorious that papers written by mutes on subjects of vital importance to the deaf and dumb had been refused insertion in their journal.

The article of Mr. C. lays all the blame to the mute for his vagrancy. Dr. Peet's resolutions go the same length and breadth—the teachers, blameless as they would have it appear, consider it in their blindness a fit occasion, or perhaps their duty to make an expose, and it is a matter of regret that Mr. C. should have been so misled by these men as to join in their cry. Is it right—is it just, we ask, for the conductors of the "Annals" to admit to their columns communications, and resolutions, and speeches on resolutions, having a tendency to throw discredit on the deaf and dumb as a class? Admit these articles, which, as I have said, and you, Mr. Editor, know were on subjects of vital interest, which articles you and I happen to know, deal in facts, no matter if they abound in personalities—that is of no consequence now since the teachers themselves have set the example, an instance of which may be seen in the articles on "Course of Instruction" in the early volumes of the "Annals"—and there is no complaint—*Mete out justice to all, and there will be cause of complaint for none.* Our faith does not consist in showing up the "mote" in another's eye, and of suppressing the "beam" in our own eye.

The discredit, if any, thrown upon us as a class, by the misguided acts of a few, is nothing compared to that which we all may share by so much in an exaggerated form being said, written and published on the subject—And Dr. Peet and Mr. Chamberlayne, know this. The sooner this war upon the poor vagrants by the teachers is abandoned, and they direct their attention to more important matters—the thorough education of the mute, or the equalization of salaries, for instance, the better. Says Mr. C.—"one of these vagrants makes by far more money in two days than a deaf mute teacher in a week;" mark, he is careful to say a deaf-mute teacher. We wish he had made the comparison with a hearing teacher. How is it? Another question—selling the alphabet,—call you that vagrancy?

Some years ago, a paper was sent to me from New York for insertion in the Boston papers cautioning the public against trusting or harboring this class of people. My course of duty was plain. I declined having anything to do with the document and returned it back whence it emanated, accompanied with a respectful letter. We admit these cases of vagrancy. We regret them. But are they many? Are not the subjects more to be pitied than condemned? Enquire if their education—if their family oversight at school—in the workshop has been perfect?—these are the great turning points. If not, as there is too much reason to fear, then these teachers hunting them down must bear in whole or in part, as the case may be, the responsibility for their habits in after life. This rule will hold good in a great majority of cases. Is there no vagrancy among other classes of society? And are the cases not more in proportion in the other classes than among the deaf and dumb.

There are instances where the vagrant has no excuse for leading a life of idleness. But the rule cannot apply to all. Is it not possible that in most cases complained of, the first step or lesson in idleness was taken in the school room or workshop? These are enquiries deserving the serious attention and consideration of instructors of the deaf and dumb, which we hope will lead to a rigid self-examination.

My advice to all is to let this unhappy class alone, to be dealt with according to law. One learns by experience. You cannot learn an old dog new tricks. Ye hearing teachers go to work with new resolutions—secure for your mute co-laborers a salary equal to your own, and you will be the happier for it.

REYNARD.

We are out of the January number of the Guide, and all future subscriptions will begin with the February number.

Man, while he loves, is never wholly depraved.



## Poetry.

## Childhood.

Drawing pictures on the slate,  
Making houses out of cards,  
Solving riddles all elate,  
Peeping in the neighbor's yards,  
Such is part of childhood's game,  
Innocent of wealth or fame.

Blowing pencil dust away,  
Some, perchance, may meet the eye;  
Looking out for market day,  
When comes home an extra pie,  
Such is part of childhood's fun,  
Ere the growing time is done.

On all fours about the room,  
Personating cats and mice?  
Saying of the weaver's loom,  
Don't it match the carpet nice!  
Fairy weavers, still themselves,  
Dancing like the ancient elves.

Nodding when the prayer is long,  
And the eyes are rubbed in vain;  
In the morning up with song,  
Holding hands to catch the rain:  
Tom, come in! you rogish Will!  
Go to school, and there be still.

Life a holiday of sweets,  
Care a blue beard not yet known;  
Every day its joy repeats,  
Rapture in one even tone.  
Who that morn would wish to cloud?  
Who that fairy land would shroud?

Hard their destiny who creep  
Through a childhood full of gloom,  
Sad awake and sad asleep,  
Buried in a living tomb,  
Old before their spring is shed,  
Gray at heart ere morn has fled.

—[Merry's Museum.]

## Love a Wife and Rule a Wife.

I wish every husband would copy into his memorandum book this sentence, from a recently published work—"Women are constituted very different from men. A word said, a line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache, as if for a great misfortune. Men cannot feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless would be slow to wound us so."

The grave hides many a heart which has been stung to death, because one who might, after all, have loved it after a certain careless fashion, was deaf, dumb and blind to the truth in the sentence we have just quoted, or if not, was at least restive and impatient with regard to it. Many men, marrying late in life, being accustomed only to take care of themselves, and that in the most erratic, rambling, exciting fashion, eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, whenever their fancy, or good cheer and amusement, questionable or unquestionable, prompted, come at last, when they get tired of this, with their selfish habits fixed as fate, to matrimony. For awhile it is a novelty. Shortly, it is strange as irksome, this always being obliged to consider the comfort and happiness of another. To have something always hanging on the arm, which used to swing free, or at most, but twirl a cane. Then they think their duty done if they provide food and clothing, and refrain (possibly) from harsh words. Ah—is it? Listen to that sigh as you close the door. Watch the gradual fading of the eye, the paling of the cheek, not from age—she should be yet young—but that gnawing pain at the heart, born of the settled conviction that the great hungry craving of her soul, as far as you are concerned, must go forever unsatisfied. God help such wives and keep them from attempting to slake their soul's thirst at poisoned fountains.

Think you, her husband, how little a kind word, a smile, a caress to you, how much to her. If you call these things "childish" and "beneath your notice," then you should never have married. There are men who should remain forever single. You are one. You have no right to require of a woman her health, strength, time and devotion, to mock her with this shadowy, unsatisfying return. A new bonnet, a dress, a shawl, a watch, anything, everything but what a true woman's heart most craves—sympathy,

appreciation, love. She may be rich in everything else, but if she be poor in these, and is a good woman, she had better die.

There are hard, unloving, cold monstrosities of women (rare exceptions), who neither require love or know how to get it. We are not speaking of these. That big-hearted, loving, noble men have occasionally been thrown away upon such, does not disprove what we have been saying. But even a man thus situated has greatly the advantage of a woman in a similar position, because, over the needle, a woman may think herself into an insane asylum, while the active, out-door turmoil of business life is at least a some-time reprieve to him.

Do you ask me, "Are there no happy wives?" God be praised, yes, and glorious, loveable husbands, too, who know how to treat a woman, and would have her neither fool nor drudge. Almost every wife would be a good and happy wife were she only loved enough. Let husbands, present and prospective, think of this.—[London Journal.]

## A TOUCHING STORY

Connected with the Franklin Expedition.

The news in relation to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions, recalls an interesting incident connected with that memorable expedition, and which we will relate:

In the West of England are towns whose corporate limits are less than a mile apart, and which have been for many years united in one Parliamentary borough. One of them, Penryn, has an existence of many centuries, being recorded as a thriving market town in 1258. The other, Falmouth, had an existence previous to the seventeenth century, although now an important seaport, and exceeding its older neighbor in population and business. Both towns are situated on the same inlet or arm of the sea, Penryn being at its extreme head. As might be expected there has existed a strong jealousy between the two towns which has not decreased by their ill-assorted union into one Parliamentary borough whilst still retaining their separate corporate existence. Penryn considers its younger neighbor an upstart, while Falmouth retorts by sneering at the older borough as old-fashioned and fossilized. Desperate fights and bitter personal quarrels have been thus occasioned.

About fifteen years ago a young sailor, named Johns, a native of Penryn, belonged to a coasting vessel sailing between that port and London. He was the accepted suitor of Miss Cook, a young girl of about his own circumstances, but whose personal attractions gained the attention of more than one man of better station. She was something of a coquette and flirted in the absence of her lover with some of her other admirers.

Among them was a dashing young fellow, a professed "lady-killer," from Falmouth, who had once had a quarrel with young Johns on account of local prejudice and whose attentions to Miss Cook were at first prompted by a spirit of malice to his adversary. He took her to places of amusement, rode or walked with her on Sundays, and endeavored to make his attentions to her as public as possible.

Rumors of this had reached Johns on some of his trips home, but, as he never saw them together, he passed the tales by with as little attention as possible. Once, however, his vessel arrived in port on a Sunday evening, and the lover hastily donned his best suit and rushed off to see his lady-love. She was not at home, having gone to church. Impatiently he hurried off to church, and near its gate met his apparently faithless sweetheart walking arm-in-arm with his detested Falmouth adversary. Without waiting to meet them he turned and went on board his vessel.

It was the first time when the brave Franklin was forming his expedition for the exploration of a Northwest Passage, and great inducements in the way of bounty money and comparatively large pay were held out to the hardy, adventurous mariners. The two towns furnished several volunteers. Penryn sent four hardy fellows. One of these was young Johns. Stung with the seeming faithlessness of his beloved, he had joined the daring party that were to seek fame, and perhaps death, amid the unknown terrors of the North Pole.

Soon after this rash step had been taken, Johns learned that she was still

faithful to him alone. The meeting between them must have been both sweet and bitter—sweet in the knowledge of each others constancy—bitter in the certainty that they must part, for it was now too late to retract. Even if it were possible to withdraw from his services under government, manly honor forbade a cowardly desertion of the townsmen who had volunteered with him; nor would he care to face the jeers of the people of the rival town. Besides, there was a strong hope of a speedy return, and the girl was somewhat proud, after all, of his bravery and the honor which this daring step would attach to his name.

On a bright May morning they were married in the old church of St. Gluvias, and a merry peal rang from the square grey tower in honor of the nuptial, for Johns was a favorite with very many of the townspeople, and the bride was, as we said, somewhat of a belle of the place. The honeymoon was of but a few days duration, for the volunteers were soon ordered to join their ships.

On the 23d of May, 1845, the Erebus and Terror sailed from the river Thames, with 135 souls on board. On the 26th of July, in that year, the whaling ship Prince of Wales spoke them at the entrance of Lancaster Sound. That was the last time the members of that expedition were seen by civilized men.

The wives of the explorers monthly drew half the pay of their husbands. The other half accumulated in the hands of the government until the return of their husbands, or the official notification of their deaths. Mrs. Johns drew her pay and lived at home with her parents, eagerly looking for accounts of the progress of the expedition. In time she became the mother of a boy, and in her new duties she passed the time less heavily.

Months rolled on to years, but still no tidings came of the fated vessels. Expedition after expedition went in search of the missing men, but always returned with the same story of privation, danger, and want of success. With painful eagerness the anxious watcher grasped the weekly London newspaper in search of news of the lost ones, and earnestly sought the opinions of skillful navigators as to the chances of their safety. Hope at last seemingly died out in all hearts but hers. She clung to the last straw.

Those who climbed the steep of Pen-dennis Castle eight or nine years since, may have seen on Sunday afternoons, a comely woman, clad in plain but neat dress, seated on an embrasure of a Channel, waiting and watching for the vessel that never came. Her little boy skipped about, picking the daisies and but-tercups that spangled the slopes.

At length hope died out of all hearts, even hers. But still she lived on her quiet life. The visits to the heights were no longer made, but friends saw that the absent one lived in her thoughts. Then came the tidings brought by Dr. Rae, convincing every one that the sad drama of life had actually been played out on those everlasting ice-fields. Government, which had continued to pay the bereaved wives, was now compelled to officially announce the explorers as dead. The half-pay which had accumulated in its coffers, was now paid over to the representatives of the deceased, and future pay was stopped. To Mrs. Johns the sum paid over amounted to about £100 sterling.

Now, at last, the widow's weeds were put on, and the fatherless lad dressed in mourning. When we last heard of them—about a year since—they were still living in their native town, pursuing the old course of life. The widow eked out her little fund by sewing, and remained still constant to her first love.

Whether the husband, who had seen but a few days of wedded life, and who had never seen or heard of his son, was one of the twenty-four who had died previous to April 25th 1848, or had participated in that terrible march to death in search of the Great Fish River, we cannot now say. The reception of the full details of the news brought by the Fox may throw some light on that matter. Of this we are confident, that Johns did his duty, to the last, and died as a brave man should die. There are those here who knew him well, and pay this last tribute to the memory of an old friend.

The New Orleans Delta reports that Joseph Wheeler who had been deaf and dumb for about four years, recently ventured very near the mouth of a cannon, and when it was fired he was knocked down senseless by the concussion. On recovering, to the surprise of all, he spoke as fluently as anybody, and heard and answered all questions put to him, and is, up to this time, retaining language out in large doses.

## The Blind Woman of Manzanares.

There is in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Madrid a blind old woman known as La Ciega de Manzanares, some of whose exhibitions of the improvisatore arts have excited a great deal of attention from their appropriateness and poetical beauty. It has been usual to introduce her into the tertulias or conversazioni of the capitol; and, overhearing the conversations that take place, she breaks out in sudden bursts of poetry. We will attempt to convey an idea by translation of some of these outpourings. A lady having been asked whether she was studying the art of dramatic declamation, the Ciega stopped the reply thus:

What!—to the theatre you'll go,  
And try you fascination there,—  
An actress' maiden, be it so,  
And blest an illustrious career!  
Let glory on your brow descend,—  
Yet hear the counsels of a friend,  
And make a wiser, happier choice:  
For know, no sounds are ever heard  
So sweet as maiden's loving word,  
The wife's, the mother's household voice.

One of her impassioned verses reminds us of some of Milton's touching references to his own blindness:

For me the sun over the mountain height  
Flings its fresh beams in vain.—In vain for me  
The awakened Venus fills her lamp with light,  
And morn breaks forth in joy and festive glee.  
In vain the fragrant rose excites the longing  
Its tints, its modulations, and its form to see—  
No beauty mine—No! nothing but the thronging  
Of multitudinous blanks of misery.

She has been called on to improvise verses, omitting all words in which the vowels most commonly occurring in Spanish are found, and there has been no hesitation in their production.

The vowel *e* is the letter most frequently employed in the Spanish language, and being asked by a lady of distinguished grace and beauty to produce a stanza in which that letter should be wholly wanting, the Ciega improvised this verse:

Thou art indeed a flower-  
et bright,  
And thou hast eyes of crys-  
tal light,  
And lips so delicate and  
fine  
They make a mouth almost  
divine  
And while thy cautious feet  
pur-  
ture path, to virtue ever  
true  
Around, before thee as thou  
goest,  
Thou all the charms of  
beauty throwest,  
And all admire and praise  
and bless  
Thy heart of love and gen-  
tleness.

This somewhat free rendering does not, of course, preserve the peculiar character of the original.

On being reminded by a lady that she had forgotten a promise made on a certain occasion to extemporise a verse, the Ciega answered:

O yes! I heard thee at the college;  
For blind, alas! I had no knowledge  
Of whom thou wert; but now I here  
Fulfill the promise made thee there,  
And with this hurried verse I bring  
Good wishes, blessings, everything  
Which the suggestion of a minute  
Can offer; and I only pray  
Forgiveness for this roundelay,  
And all the faults—too many—in it.

The Spaniards are remarkable for the success with which they cultivate the art of improvisation, and I have heard excellent *asonante* verses sung by the muleteers, in which they recounted their own adventures, and lightened the fatigues of their journeys by rhymed extempore narratives of their own invention.

The most extraordinary improvisator of whom I have had personal knowledge, was Willem de Clercq, of the Hague, who in a language—the Dutch—not remarkably poetical, would pour out fine verses by the hour, distinguished alike for the perfection of the stanza and the variety of fanciful thought and exursive knowledge they displayed.—Once a Week.

CHARLES FOX AND HIS DEAF MUTE SON.—The following paragraph is from the Table Talk of the poet Rogers:

"I once dined at Mr. Stone's (at Hackney) with Fox, Sheridan, Talleyrand, Madame de Genlis, Pamela, and some other celebrated persons of the time. A natural son of Fox, a dumb boy (who was the very image of his father, and who died a few years after, when about the age of fifteen) was also there, having come for the occasion from Braidwood's academy. To him Fox almost entirely confined his attention, conversing with him by the fingers; and their eyes glistened as they looked at each other. Talleyrand remarked to me, 'how strange it was to dine in company with the first Orator in Europe, and only see him talk with his fingers!'" —[Am. Annals of Deaf and Dumb.]

NOT A DAUGHTER OF TEMPERANCE.—At the London Westminster Police Court lately, a woman was brought up on a charge of being drunk; this was her 107th appearance before the magistrates for the same offence.

LAND MEASUREMENT.—The following will be found interesting and useful: 5.2-0 feet make a mile. A surveyor's chain is 4 poles, or 66 feet, and is divided into 100 links or 792 inches. 792, 100 inches, make a link. A square chain is 16 square poles, and 16 square chains is an acre. An acre is 69 yards, 1 foot, 8½ inches, each way; and three acres are 120½ yards each way. A pole contains five and a half yards each way. A square mile, that is, 1,760 yards each way, contains 640 acres. 440 yards each way, is a quarter of a mile, or 40 acres. 4 rods are an acre, each rod containing 10,890 feet, or 34 yards 1-4 inches on each side.

A man formerly of this State was sentenced to be hung on the 20th of December, at Louisville, Ky. He was first tried and convicted of manslaughter, but on appeal of his counsel he was granted a new trial, when he was convicted of murder. He appealed on the ground that he could not be convicted of murder because at the former trial he had been convicted of a lesser offence, but his appeal was overruled. The cause is a strange one, and probably without parallel in the history of criminal trials.

COURTSHIP.—A rich and handsome young widow lately asked a gallant officer on half pay at what fire office he would advise her to insure her house. "In either the Union or Hand-in-Hand office," replied he, significantly. "Is the fire office near?" she asked. "Very near madam; I cover it with my hand," placing his hand on his breast. The widow was not insensible to his wit or merit and speedily rewarded him at Hy-men's union office.

The telegraph work of the London District Telegraph Company is to be carried on by means of female employees. Among the women at present in training is a deaf and dumb girl, whose progress is so satisfactory that there is every probability of her making a most efficient telegraphist.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as you can.—[Sydney Smith.]

An insult is twice as deep as an apology. An insult sinks to the heart and rankles there; whilst an apology merely skims over the surface, but never heals the wound. To persons impertinently disposed, what a warning ought this not to be!

A man should advertise because it pays—be temperate because it conduces to health—discard tobacco, because it is indecent—marry, because it makes him happier, and pay the printer, because it is his duty.

When does a judge contemplate employing rogues? When he takes them on trial.

More fortunes have been made by industry, honesty, and liberal advertising, than in any other way.

The man who "borrowed trouble" has returned it without any expression of thanks.

## MARRIAGES.

May 11th, 1859, Mr. Sherburne L. Corning to Miss Sarah Hadley, both educated at the American Asylum. They live at Manchester, N. H.

## DEATHS.

Died of consumption, June 29, 1859, Ackley Ware, educated at the American Asylum, aged 50 years. He had married Miss Emeline T. Fisher, also a former Hartford pupil.

Of consumption, July, 1859, Phebe Dennis, wife of Horatio White, of Fall River, Mass. She was educated at the Hartford Asylum. Age, 42 years.

Killed by a railroad train, while walking on the track near Danbury, Ct., Aug. 10, 1859, Franklin Scovel, a peddler of salve, aged 60 years, educated at the Am. Asylum, which he entered in 1818. He was married to a deaf-mute.

Lawson H. Green, aged 7 years, a deaf-mute (not educated,) and a brother of Wm. H. Green, (a deaf-mute, educated at the American Asylum,) was found drowned in the Cobbessee Contee, in Gardiner, Me., on the 29th of June last. He was first missed about 8 o'clock in the night of the 28th, but his body was not discovered until light in the morning. He had been bathing in the earlier part of the day with some companions, but it is not known how he fell into the water. He was a bright, intelligent boy, and his death is much lamented by his relatives.